The West-country Delight: or,

Hey for Zommerzet-Shire

Lively Delineating how jocund they be,
That Jerk it,
And Ferk it,
Under the Green-Wood Tree.
To a New Tune of, *O how they did Firk it* : or, *Salengers round.*

IN Summer time when flowers do ſpring,
And birds ſit on a tree,
Let Lords and Knights ſay what they will
there's none ſo merry as we :
There's Will and Mol,
Here's Harry and Dol,
With Brian and bonny Betty,
Oh ! how they did jerk it,
Caper and firk it,
under the Green-wood-tree.

Our Muſick is a twire-pipe try'd,
that can ſo ſweetly play,
Whom we do hire from Whitſontide,
till latter Lammas day :
On Sabboth-days,
On Holy-days,
After Evening prayer comes he,
And then, &c.

Come play us Adam and Eve, ſays Dick,
what's that ſays Twire-pipe,
It is the beginning o'th world quoth I
for we are dancing ripe :
Is't that you call,
Then have at all,
He play'd with a merry glee,
O ! then, &c.

In comes our Gaffer Underwood,
and ſets him on the Bench,
His wife and daughter Ne'r-be-good
that pretty round fac'd wench :
There's Neighbour Chuck,
And Habakkuk,
They all come there to ſee,
O ! ho ! , &c.

from thence we go to ſir Williams grt
and a rich old Cub is he,
And there we dance a round, a round,
but the devil a penny we ſee :
From thence we get,
To Summer-Sett,
Where men are frolick and free,
And there, &c.

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The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.

My Lords Son muſt not be forgot,
ſo full of merry jeſt,
He laughs to ſee the Girls ſo hot,
and jumps in with the reſt:
He doth them aſſail,
With his Calves-tail,
And he thrufts it in to ſee,
O! how they do, &c.

A pox of all thoſe ſmiling knaves,
that do our ſports deſpiſe,
We value not the ſneaking ſlaves,
their more precife then wiſe:
Bots on them all,
Both great and ſmall,
And ſuch Hypocriſie,
For we will, &c.

Though bonny Nell do bare the Bell,
'mongſt gallants gay and gaudy,
Our Margery's as light as ſhe,
and yet ſhe is not baudy:
When ſhe with truſty Arthur meets,
And Bab with Barnaby,
O! how they do figg it,
Jump and Jigg it,
under the Green-wood-tree.

We fear no plots of Iews or Scots,
for we are jolly Swains,
With Plow, and Cow, and Barley Mow,
we buſie all our brains:
No City cares
Nor Merchants fears,
Of wrack or Pyracy,
Therefore we can ſlant it,
Revel and rant it,
under the Green-wood-tree.

O'r hills and dales at Whitſon Ales,
we dance a merry fit,
When Suſan ſweet with Iohn doth meet,
ſhe gives him hit for hit;
From he. d to foot,
She holds him too't,
And jumps as high as he:
O! how they do ſpring it,
Flounce it and fling it,
under the Green-wood-tree.

With Ribbon red in Hat on head,
young Ralph doth skip and jump,
Ioan has a new long Scarf of blew,
that reaches to her rump:
With Petty-coats,
As light as motes,
which in the Sun we ſee:
Oh! how they did skip it,
Trample and trip it,
under, &c.

No time is ſpent with more content,
in City, Court, or Camp;
We fear no Covent-Garden Gout,
nor Pickadilly Cramp,
From Scurvy we
Are always free,
And ever more ſhall be,
So long as we whisk it,
Frig it and friſk it,
under the Green-wood-tree.

On Beads & Launs we trip like Fauns,
like Fillies, Kids, or Lambs,
We have no twing to make us cring,
or crinkle in the Hams:
When ſome diſeaſe,
Doth on us ſeize,
with one conſent go we,
To jigg it and jerk it,
Caper and firk it,
under the Green-wood-tree.

When we'r well fir'd and almoſt tir'd,
that night is drawing on,
And that we muſt confeſs (as juſt)
our dancing day is done:
The Night is ſpent
With more content,
For then we all agree,
To Cock it, and Dock it,
Smock it, and Knock it,
under the Green-wood-tree.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, next the Golden Ball by the Hoſpital-Gate in Weſt-ſmith-field.